

# \$15.00 EXORBITANT PRICE FOR HUMAN BEINGS!

## In This Torture-Ridden Colony Where Portugal's Boy King Is Now the Responsible Head.

**A**TALE of slavery and slave trading that might well appall the world is brought out of Darkest Africa by Gen. Francois Joubert-Pienaar. It is of first hand experience that he, himself, has witnessed. He swears to their truth, staking upon it the honors won as a gallant Boer general in open war and later conferred by the English after he had sworn loyalty. He has told the story to the foreign office of Great Britain and finally, recently, has repeated it to President Roosevelt himself and to Secretary Root. He hopes that the civilized nations may be induced to investigate for themselves the conditions and finding them as he represents them, that an interference may be made in the name of humanity.

By GENERAL FRANCOIS JOUBERT-PIENAAR.

**U**NDER the yoke of slavery or daily threatened by it, 4,500,000 natives of Angoland lead lives that abound in grewsome persecutions, and are more hopeless and more degraded than the worst slaves of the world. A handful of people, Portuguese and their descendants, renegade Boers, with a sprinkling of English and other adventurers, augmented by the slave traders, hold the whip hand over this mass, and wield it to their will and advantage.

These outsiders are unthinkable degenerates, having been cut off from the civilization of their forefathers they have lost all appreciation of it, and so exploit the native as ever to drive him to deeper depths of misery. The nation having authority

known to return to his native land alive. Each laborer under the lash for a few months that may amount to two or three years at the most, and then dies, that another may take his place. The malaria and the cruel servitude are beyond the endurance of the human. Yet the system masquerades under the name of "indentured labor," and the nefarious practices continue without end.

The detail of how this round of slavery and deaths comes about is simple. The plantation owner, who is a rich man living in Lisbon and often occupying an important seat in the government, writes to a slave trader in West Africa arranging with him for the number of men and women he requires. The slave trader in his turn, goes to a native chief in the interior and hires him to procure the requisite number of slaves. This chief will not give him any of his own people, but takes his warriors, raids a weakened chief of some other of the innumerable tribes, exterminating him and taking captive men, women, and children and cattle. The women he distributes among his warriors; the children he sells to the colonists as slaves; the men he hands over to the slave trader and the cattle he keeps for himself. These latter are more valuable than the children, who sell for \$10 each, but the men, who may go to the islands, are worth \$100 upon delivery.

### Terrible Atrocities Perpetrated.

The unfortunate men handed over to the slave trader in this way are shackled together in rows of four, in wooden shackles, and are driven down to the coast in that way, the journey lasting from ten to twenty days. On these journeys from the interior to the coast some of the most terrible atrocities are perpetrated.

Arriving on the coast an officer in Portuguese uniform is met, he being stationed there for the purpose; he reads a form of contract to these captured people in Portuguese; they are told by an interpreter stationed there also for the purpose, to answer "yes" to the reading of the contract. They do so without having understood a word of what had been read to them.



Children Like These Are Sold in Angola for \$10 Each.

winks at the atrocities, and the other civilized nations have not yet seen fit to interfere.

The Portuguese rule Angola as the King of the Belgians ruled the Congo to the north of it, but their misrule is less known. The central high crime is enacted on two islands off the coast, and located directly under the equator. These islands are cocoa producers, and the source of very great wealth to the owners of the plantations, but to work them calls for a toll in death that is appalling.

### Never Return Alive.

Men and women are captured in Angola and brought to the islands by shiploads. A few months pass and they are all dead, and the supply must be replenished in the same way. Of all that come, never a soul has been

Stockade and Hut in Which Slave Live Under Guard.

as they never heard a word of Portuguese before in their lives. It is not intended that they should understand the contract because they are captured slaves and have to submit to the will of their captors. The form of contract is simply a farce to mislead the Europeans who may inquire into this nefarious slavery.

These men, and sometimes women, are then sent to the islands to die. Never in one single instance has it been known that even one of them returned to his own country. I challenged the Portuguese government two years ago that if it could produce five men or women who have returned alive in the last fifty years that I would withdraw all I had said about them, but it was impossible to produce even a single individual.

### Slaves Often Lashed to Death.

On the mainland all labor is done by the slaves and people call their slaves "slaves" and make no secret of their buying and selling natives. The cruelties meted out to them are far worse than those on the island, because they are easily got and are not so expensive. It is almost a daily occurrence for slave owners to have their slaves lashed to death and in many instances martyred in a most brutal and horrible way before they die.

As an instance of this sort of barbarity I might cite a Portuguese woman living in Humpata, who had a lit-

tle slave girl of some twelve years of age. Her mode of punishing this child was to burn her with a hot iron. She after ward left Humpata and went down to Mossamedes, and there she inflicted wounds with these hot irons that killed the poor little girl. This was done right under the nose of the governor and magistrate, but nothing was done toward punishing her.

The Portuguese officers themselves are slave owners and one of the most cruel acts to a slave that it has been my misfortune to see was perpetrated by the wife of one of the leading officers in Mossamedes, who owns quite 100 slaves. Passing through a village called Chobis in the interior, I witnessed a slave being beaten to death in the following way. He was stretched out on his stomach on the ground and held down by two strong men, two others were hired by the owner, who is a Portuguese woman, for the purpose of lashing this poor slave to death. She said it was necessary to

make an example of him as he tried to escape from her too brutal service.

These two hired men were handed a chicotte and told that first one and then the other had to lash away until the slave was dead. The agony of the poor fellow before he died was beyond description. This was done not 150 yards away from the house of the magistrate.

### One Slave That Was Freed.

Walking up the streets of Humpata one day, I saw a man in charge of the prisoners working in the streets lashing away at one of the men in his charge. I asked him what the matter was, and he told me that the prisoner would not work. The prisoner showed me his hands, which were swollen to an awful extent, so much so that they were hardly recognizable as human hands, and could not use the shovel. I went to the magistrate, and he told me that the man was suspected of having stolen a bot-

tle of brandy from his owner, and that for a fortnight he had been placed on starvation diet, and every morning had been beaten on the hands to make him confess to the crime. I bought him from the owner, and told him that he was now a free man, as I belonged to a nation and a government that did not deal in human beings. He agreed to stay with me as long as I wanted him at a stated salary, and I have got him now, and can produce him at any time to prove what I say, and also to show the terrible marks of cruelty on his body from head to feet.

You can readily understand that if the officials do this sort of thing what the private individuals will do. I said to one of the richest slave traders in that country one day that I would appeal to the Portuguese government on behalf of the slaves. He laughed, and, pointing to himself, said: "If you want to appeal to the government, then do so now, because I am the government of this country. The government owes me so much money that they can never pay it, and they dare not do anything against me."

### Slave Traders in Power.

That is exactly the position. The slave trader being a rich man and the Portuguese government and government officials being essentially poor, it does not take the wily slave trader long to have them in his power, and this is exactly what makes it so difficult for anyone to interfere on behalf of the slaves.

The way I and my family have been persecuted, driven from the country and subjected to innumerable losses and indignities on account of the position I took in behalf of the slaves is an illustration of what an active part the government of Portuguese takes to protect the slave trader.

Yet it is a fair country in which all these horrors are today going on. Bordered by the Congo on the north, the German Southwest Africa on the south, and British Central Africa on the east, is Angola, the Portuguese colony of West Africa. Mossamedes is the coast town and a hundred miles inland where the mountains rise into the cooler air is Humpata.

It was in June, 1906, that I arrived in Angola with the intention of making it my home. I went in to the village of Humpata, where I purchased property and started business. I remained in the country until the following April, when on account of my opposition to slavery my stay was made impossible for me by the government officials there, in conjunction with the slave traders. In that time, however, I had gone about much and seen a great deal as my business was trading and transport riding and necessitated much travel.

### An Island On Dry Land.

For fifty miles inland from the coast there is a barren and profitless country, and then are encountered great mountains that are difficult of ascent. On top of these mountains is a great plateau, and on this are other mountains and rivers, and altogether a country distinct from anything else in Angola. It is like an island on dry land, offering conditions where life may be pleasant, and it is on this mountain that colonists settle themselves. It is quite healthy and easily accessible from the east side. There are, perhaps, forty or fifty Boer families settled here, who left the Transvaal some thirty or fifty years ago. They consist of the old stamp of people, who would never submit to law and order, and who, after long years of trekking, have eventually settled down under the Portuguese government on that mountain. They built the village of Humpata, laid out farms, where they built homes, and now live comparatively comfortable.

There are a few Englishmen and Germans, and, perhaps, thirty to forty Portuguese families settled in the village of Humpata, on top of this mountain. The colonists exist from hunting, transport riding, and trading, principally. In a small way some of them indulge in slave trade, but the real slave trader of the country is a different stamp of man from these settlers.

There are several plateaus where it is perfectly healthy for Europeans to live but in the low and swampy country malaria fever rages the greater part of the year, and it is only during the winter that the colonists or other Europeans go down to these districts to hunt or trade with the natives. Game there is of all kinds. Elephants are being shot every winter not more than fifty or sixty miles away from Humpata, and such game as buffalo, kudu, hippopotamus, lions, and tigers is to be found in great number. It is therefore the perfect Eldorado of the hunter.

The colonists live in a very primitive way, and education is almost an unknown quantity, there being abso-

lutely no schools. The parents teach their children to read and write to a certain extent, but that is the sum total of education. Altogether they are too ignorant and uncivilized to see the terrible horrors of the things they do. I saw the chairman of the church council in Humpata, leading divine services about 10 o'clock and at 4 o'clock the same Sunday afternoon taking three wagons with brandy and other stuff to a native village where he traded his cargo for thirty children, having first gotten their parents drunk that he might effect the exchange.

The system of government is a travesty and a farce. Its follies cannot be explained and an idea can be given only by relating incidents that actually happened. For instance, I had a rifle, alien and reported the loss to a magistrate saying that I suspected a certain boy. He told me to go and arrest the boy myself, as there was no official to perform that service. He said that after securing the suspect he would starve him for three days in order to secure a confession. Failing to secure it he would beat him. They usually confessed before they died, he said. If after the starving and beating the man still lived, and it appeared that he was innocent he would be turned loose.

Dupliss was a resident somewhat more hardened. He told three calves and told the magistrate of the man he suspected. The magistrate told him to arrest the man, but the situation was delicate as the latter was a chief of a small tribe. The magistrate authorized Dupliss to recruit his friends and go armed and get the chief, which was what the renegade settler wanted. The result was that a number of the harmless natives were killed and all their cattle were driven off to the profit of the settlers. The case ended there.

### Treachery of Officials.

Word came to the officials that a very friendly native chief living among the colonists was suspected of treason. The officer in charge of the district invited him to a so-called friendly dinner, and while he was drinking in a glass of wine the health of his host, he was attacked from behind and assassinated.

A not uncommon manner of execution which is done with official sanction is to tie a captive down to a ring fastened to the boards of the floor at the entrance of the barracks. The soldiers then receive instructions that going in or coming out each one shall administer a kick to the man tied down to the ring. Under this form of torture such an unfortunate prisoner sometimes lives eight days before death mercifully releases him from Portuguese inhumanity. Near their forts in the interior you will often find portions of human bodies hanging on the trees for the purpose of terrorizing native chiefs whom they fear.

In short, the cruel and enforced slavery of Angola is far worse than that of the Congo; the so-called "labor indenture" system heretofore has concealed from the casual observer the true facts and that the lives of men of human beings are as valuable in the sight of these degenerates and slave traders as the cow or the sheep in the village street. From Angola arise to heaven the wails and moans of a suffering, dejected people, and the frequently seen pile of bleached and dried human bones found along the trail or back of some village mutely testifies that some poor unfortunate slave was done to death.

### THE OLD TRAMP PRINTER.

(The reflections of a country editor.)  
The old tramp printer! What's come o' him,  
Who dropped around 'bout wunst a year  
In times gone by? That cherro!n  
We use t' see, half full o' cheer.  
An' railroad cinders-land o' live  
He 'us tall's that pole an' jest as  
And looked like sixteenth cousin o'  
Sum boardin' house, er rest-er-rant  
He'd walk right in an' git t' b's  
An' choose sum absent feller's case  
Forever like the shop was his  
An' that was his pre-empted place  
An' never say a word! But then  
It allus seemed he'd timed it so't  
He'd git t'us most useful when  
We seemed t' want an' need him most.

The dust of many climes lay brown  
Upon his shoes; he used t' say  
That some was there from every town  
From Maine t' Cal-o-forn-ia.  
Perhaps his morals was't the best,  
Nor enny speeshul good t' us,  
But we could overlook the rest  
In such an' interesting cuss.

There has been times, in twilight when  
I've knowed he felt the loneliness  
Amongst strangers, when he'd take my  
pen  
An' write rare lines of tenderness  
Of mother, home an' faces fair  
An' fadin' dreams of other days,  
An' then I've knowed some good was  
there  
Behint his wild an' rovin' ways.  
But now he's gone, an' sometimes when  
The paper's out an' all is still  
I seem t' hark back there again  
An' this ol' wizzen seems t' fill  
He wasn't just what a man should be-  
No doubt o' that-but when I look  
There's sumthin' hurts me when I see  
That "39" 's missin' off his book.  
—John D. Wells in Buffalo News

GEN. FRANCOIS JOUBERT-PIENAAR

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